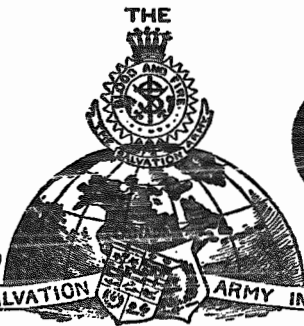


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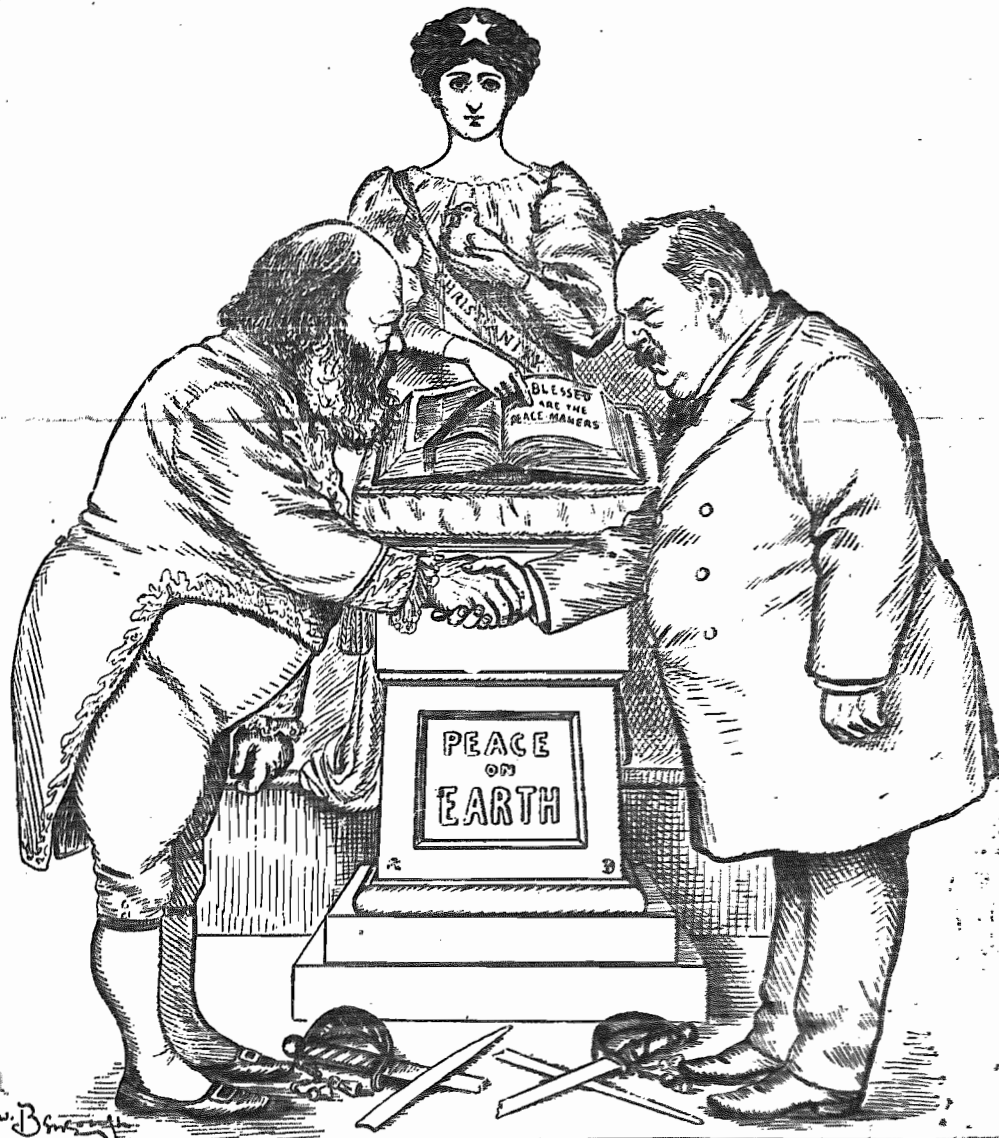
AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

VOL. XII. No. 18. [General of the S.A. Forces throughout the world.]

TORONTO, FEB. 18, 1896.

WILLIAM B. BOWEN, [Counsellor for Canada and Newfoundland.]

PRICE 2 CENTS.



AS IT OUGHT—AND AS WE HOPE IT WILL BE!

CHRISTIANITY (to Lord Salisbury and President Cleveland).—"Men and brethren, representing the Empire and the Republic, there is a better way to settle your disputes than by recourse to arms. Will you adopt it?"
 SALISBURY AND CLEVELAND—"We will!" (They break their swords, and shake hands).

As I Ought to be.

(Our Frontispiece.)

MAY our frontispiece soon see a fulfillment in fact. Peace, Christianity's daughter, with the radiant Star of Hope glittering from her forehead and the dove of peace pressed to her heart, has already spoken from various sources to the great statesmen who stand at the helm of the British Empire and the Republic respectively. God grant that her message may be heard.

At a meeting in Manchester, over which he presided, Right Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, First Lord of the Treasury, in the course of an address said, "The Venezuelan dispute, it would be hard indeed if the common sense of the Anglo-Saxon race was unable to settle any dispute without war." (Cheers.) . . . War with the United States of America appeared to him, and, doubtless to the hearers also, to be enveloped with the unnatural horror of a civil war, which, with any nation, is a terror to be avoided at all costs except dishonor. . . . Balfour also said he trusted and believed the day would come when the better statesmen in authority—more fortunate than even Monroe—would assert a doctrine between English-speaking peoples under which war would be impossible. (Cheers.)

At a conference of the International Arbitration League, held in London January 15th, under the presidency of Sir John Lubbock, a resolution was adopted advocating a pacific settlement of all disputes between the United States and Great Britain over the Venezuelan boundary question and the establishment of a permanent tribunal of arbitration between England and the United States.

Mr. Norman, representing the London Daily Chronicle, recently personally interviewed every member of the United States Senate Committee on Foreign Relations with respect to a like permanent pacific method for settling disputes of the two peoples, with which every member expressed himself thoroughly in accord. We do hope and pray, therefore, although the latest news to date speaks of there being no disposition on the part of Lord Salisbury to retreat from the position he first took, that the peace of the Motherland and the Republic will not be broken either by the Venezuelan or any other matter.

ITEMS FROM THE BROCKVILLE MAN.

During my first visit to PERTH I was very pleased to see the change in the appearance of things all round. Three saved drunkards graced the platform. I also enrolled three recruits.

At KEMPVILLE a young man professed to find mercy.

On Christmas and New Year's days we conducted special meetings. On Christmas night Daniel, Robert, and Alfred Hay Squirrel were decorated. We have now four Squirrels and a Fox in BROCKVILLE corps. On New Year afternoon a sister sought the Lord.

Our out-post, ALBIONQUIN, I dedicated Maude Desmond Kirkby.

MURRINBURG reports several souls lately. Crowds are very good, finances ditto.

Things have launched our "Aggressive Covenant" in the District, and we are going in to do our very best for God during the next three months.

Also in the great War Cry Boom. Lord, help us to do our level best in this line!

JAMES McHARG, D.O.

We clip the following from Training Home Sharpshooters: God bless the Commandant! Twinkler was one of his boys in the old C. D. days. We used to call Twinkler the wisest man at Neglect Hall was a top-topper. His looks at the dear lady and ladies on the platform seemed a wee bit suggestive. All the ladies, of course, any they are ready to suggest. I wonder if there is anything in it.



"EVEN CHRIST PLEASANT NOT HIMSELF."

(MY MOTTO.)

FROM

Mrs. Booth's Office Table.

Thank God for the ring of thanksgiving that comes from every side. CAPTAIN THOMAS, of Port Arthur, concludes by saying: "As for myself, I want to tell you that above everything else in the world I praise God for my salvation, and for the privilege He has given me of fighting in the dear old Army. I have victory in my own soul and victory in the corps. THEN I have conquered myself since Sunday week. We have a band of thorough good soldiers."

Mrs. GILLETTE, in Moscow, Idaho, writes in the very same strain. "Praise God for victory in our own hearts and in the hearts of our comrades. Since we found God's Holy Spirit. Yesterday was a glorious time and five souls. Every soldier on the mountain-top."

CAPTAIN COCKERILL, too, from quite another quarter, writes in his characteristic style: "We are one with you under the flag. You can count on us as loyal soldiers of the Army. Our motto is SOULS—souls for Jesus! Eighteen have been saved since the new year."

CAPTAIN STATA'S testimony would be the right one for victory. "I feel I can," she says, "from my deepest heart, say I love my dear Jesus, and our precious Army more than ever. I mean with God's help to be one with you. I love the Army. I love my work, and my whole desire is to live so that I may have an inheritance in your city that fadeth not away."

How much purer for there is in the service of souls! LOVE IT RIGHT! reports MISS GILBERT, recently arrived in Newfoundland Rescue Home. "I love it, and I believe God is going to give me the victory. I feel I am where He wants me. He shall have His way with me. I thank Him for the victory at St. John, N.B. I look back and feel truly God did help me wonderfully. I left such a beautiful lot of former girls. They paid for me myself, and they are up my firm themselves, and they are up my firm themselves, and they are up my firm themselves. One girl gave me all her month's wages towards it. I told her not to do it, to keep some herself, she might need it. But no; she said she only needed it was twenty dollars! She was a thorough Rescue case, saved and doing all she can."

My the Lord help us all to be living witnesses to the world. "God is helping and blessing us in the home," writes KENNETH HARRIS, of the St. John Brigade. "We can see that while so many come in here under the influence of liquor, God is making them see themselves SINNERS, and helping us to understand that IF THEY WILL there is a better way for them to live. I don't think we have anything to complain of, or murmur about, nor that there is anything that we before I felt. I thank Him that we need ANOTHER OFFICER—one who would love this kind of toll. For such a one I could find almost any amount of work. In Lord's time, I do hope He will send some one along."

The Lord's time is NOW. But, alas, how many there are who hear His voice urging them to come to the help, and who yet either give their help, or Lord, here am I, SEND SOMEBODY ELSE."

The following cheering note is from ADJUTANT STEWART, of the prosperous Rescue Home at Parkdale: "We have eighteen girls just now, and there is such a spirit of repentance amongst them. Thank God! I love to

see them under real deep conviction of sin. They don't forget it when they have accepted the Saviour. One lassie this morning stood up with tears in her eyes, and acknowledged she had not been living up to the light she had, but she had given herself anew to God, and invited the rest to watch her in the future. As officers, we need more of the fire of the Holy Spirit, have ourselves renewed, and now to do all in my power for those around me."

Here comes word from away in the far Northwest. What numbers of bravely fighting, and yet almost hidden women warriors we have! MISS ADJUTANT RAWLINGS has reason to look back with interest to Toronto, seeing that it was here she changed her name for her present one. "We are with you, SOUL AND BODY," she declares, "to push forward the Salvation war at your direction. We love the Army with the love of true soldiers. I believe we love it more for the sorrows through which it has been called to pass. I cannot do so much as I would, outside my own home with the two children (baby just eight weeks to-day), but, praise the Lord, I believe He is helping me there, and we do want our dear little one to be trained for God and the Army."

MISS MAJOR JEWELL touches a string to which many a heart will vibrate, among the wives of our Staff Officers, whose husbands are of necessity so much away from them. Speaking again of the Major, she says: "By the blessing of God, I was enabled to read him away from home with A STRONG HEART. I did not want to make his cross any heavier by my groaning and complaining. Now I feel so thankful it was so. God is blessing me still in my soul, and there is such a deep, deep yearning after more of His Calvary Spirit, that shall enable me to weep with those who rejoice, and ever to seek the lost ones in sin."

In a faltering, unknown hand comes an envelope containing a neatly-worked little handkerchief, and a letter signed by "One who is trying to do better." "Please accept this, from another woman, who has just received your Happy New Year. It is from one who would be so glad to know her sins were forgiven her! I know you, Mrs. Booth, from seeing your face in the War Cry. I was so very grateful I could tell you how you could help me." Dear sister—wherever and wherever you are—with your sin-troubled soul you must go to JESUS. There is mercy there for every one who comes to the Crucified. "Earth hath no sorrow that Jesus cannot cure." Comrades, as you read this, raise your heart for an moment in prayer, that the sin-troubled and wandering lady I find refuge in the harbor of God's love and pardon."

Here is the testimony of CAPTAIN MARRIS, of the Crusaders. "I thought I was too far out went to have any more to say to you, but I write. "I have been among the Cœur d'Alou Mountains since the beginning of December with the Crusaders. The hearts of the worthy people here are set upon the dollar, and it's quite hard to get them to think of anything else. But the Lord is on our side, and He has enabled us to give them the Gospel of Truth, and the result can only be His glory in eternity, though quite a number have sought and found pardon."

Oh, what an urgent need there is on the road to soul-salvation, that we should be willing to be shown where

we were wrong, and then to be determined not to rest until the weak places are made strong by the power of God. A dear Captain and Lieutenant write as "Girls in the War." "We see," they say, "where in the past we have known defeat, and we have GRIEVED over it, for we want to be soul-winners, and live with His grace. In God we trust." Hallelujah!

ST. JOHN, N.B., DISTRICT NEWS NOTES.

1896 finds us praying and arranging for a THREE MONTHS CAMPAIGN commencing in February. We have just come from a Staff Council held at Moncton. It is generally known that if you can move the Staff victory is sure to come.

ST. JOHN I.—Oh, rest we are moving on at old No. 1. Sunday last was a good day. At night three souls sought mercy. We have every reason to believe for a revival at No. 1. CAPT. KENWAY and LIEUT. SELIG have been working hard at No. 11, and having secured some souls, say good-bye to No. 11 Sunday next.

CARLETON, N.B.—CAPT. EMMA ALLAN and LIEUT. GOODWIN are fighting away at Carleton. There is deep sorrow just now, for the Captain and Lieutenant being separated. Captain Emma Allan goes to Newfoundland, and Lieut. Goodwin goes well, she will know soon.

FIRVILLE, N.B.—CAPT. RAYNOR and LIEUT. McLEOD have fought a good fight here.

HALLELUAH WEDDINGS.—Ex-Captain Raitt and Bro. Linton were deep sorrow just now, for the Captain and Lieutenant being separated. A large crowd attended the wedding.

CARLETON WEDDING.—Ex-Capt. Crossman and Bro. Wm. Smith, of the Salvation Army, were made one under the grand old S. A. colors on Christmas night.

FREDERICTON, N. B.—I spent a very good Sunday here a short time ago. Capt. informs me of a coming revival, and recommends of local officers and bandmen.

ME JOIN EM.

KENTVILLE CIRCLE CORPS S.D.

NOTES.

Our S.D. effort this year was quite a success, notwithstanding the cry of hard times and impending war. We were as usual anxious to do our very best for our Father on Earth and in Heaven.

The first one was held in KENTVILLE on Thanksgiving Day. The Pre-lyrican church being kindly lent us by the Rev. W. R. Begg. There was a very good service, and a very good evening. The Methodist church in CANNING was very kindly loaned by the pastor, Rev. J. M. Fisher, to whom the Army is indebted for many kind acts. The audience was a good one.

At BERWICK we had the pleasure of having the Methodist church loaned by the Rev. G. W. F. Gendemann, then by the Rev. F. T. Galt, entertaining the English and doing all in his power to make the meeting a success. During S-D. Week Capt. McKay collected \$14.17; Lieut. Ritchie, \$6.50; and another contributor, \$2.82. The total amount collected was \$23.49. Bessie Rogers, too, who thought nothing of distance, walking two miles, got \$6.84, so with a collection of \$30.31, we have a most successful campaign. The Methodist minister, in Kentville, Rev. T. R. Ackman, offered us his church afternoon and evening of December 8th, and gave us the collection in the afternoon and a portion in the evening. We thank God for helping us, and go forward believing for constant victory.—NIC-NAC.

We would like to add that we have had the assistance of another dear friend from Ensign Galt, accompanied by several musicians. Captain Flossie Johnston, Cadet Bell Forsyth and T. M. Smith. One dear little girl very bravely sang "The Soldier's Song" on the platform. "They were prettier than any of the people around them."

We had a good meeting with one soul at the close. The dear dear party led for WATERVILLE, where they had a beautiful meeting in the Presbyterian Church, the Rev. Mr. Allen extending to us a standing invitation.

THE GENERAL'S Australasian Campaign.

(CONTINUED)

BRISBANE.

In continuation of his Brisbane visit the General spoke at a magnificent Social meeting in the opera house, packed from floor to ceiling.

The chair was taken by the Hon. the Colonial Treasurer (Mr. T. H. "Tozer"), and it is a coincidence worth noting that he, like so many of the General's chairmen on this tour, undertook the same duty four years ago.



H. FRASER, Esq., Mayor of Brisbane.

On rising to introduce the speaker of the evening, Mr. Tozer congratulated the General on his return to Queensland, and officially, as a member of the Government, heartily welcomed him to the Colony.

The General's address needs no description. Those who have heard the General will realize it better for than pen can tell; those who have never had that pleasure will form no conception anyhow.

At the conclusion of the speech, when after nearly two hours' rapid and emphatic talking, the General sat down exhausted, one realized the truth of a remark he had playfully made himself—"They call me an old man, but they use me like a young one."

The Building day of Brisbane's demonstrations were devoted entirely to personal spiritual dealing. In the morning and afternoon, the officers sat under the thrilling advice and counsel of the General. The stream of fields' grace flowed very deep.

At night, the soldiers and recruits joined with the officers and the closing meeting was a Heaven on earth. There were many soldiers present who had come from all along the coast up to a thousand and fifteen hundred miles away, even from Cooktown and Thursday Island, to see the General. Two hundred and fifty people publicly abased themselves before God in this Brisbane series, which the Pentecost-ism Sergeant, Major Graham, organized as the first for salvation and 140 for the higher spiritual life.



A Queensland Social Institution

BUNDABERG.

(Population, 5,000; 200 miles or more north of Brisbane; one of the great sugar centres. It is of interest as being the town furthest north visited by the General on this tour, and also one of the three new places which were new ground to him.)

A day of fatiguing travel rendered none the less precarious by the big business transacted en route, found Bundaberg's great visitor and party at the local railway station somewhere near six o'clock.



IN THE OPERA HOUSE

There was the imposing mayoral welcome, the Worship tendering the General words of cordial welcome, and speaking in strong appreciation of what he was pleased to call "the noble work" of the Salvation Army. The General replied in words which were a foretaste of what was to follow, being driven off at length to the residence of Mr. Cran, a sugar magnate.

On Thursday the Queen's Theatre was densely packed. The chairman, Alderman McConville, in his opening remarks, claimed the General was no stranger, for he had been well and favorably known to Australia for many years past, and his name was a household word.

The way having thus been cleared, the General stepped forward and before he had spoken a dozen sentences the curiosity that wanted to see what sort of a man General Booth was had been thoroughly satisfied, and the audience settled down to good listening. They are not a very demonstrative people, and when the spirit did move them to applaud, they were in a strait betwixt two—whether to clap or keep with the theatre, or shout anon to match their blood-and-fire company. They eventually compromised by doing both.

MARYBOROUGH.

(A flourishing town of 12,000 people, with two Salvation Army corps actively at work.)

The Town Hall, engaged for the General's appearance, is a commodious structure, but was ridiculously inadequate for the need.

The Hon. A. H. Wilson, M.L.C., graced the chair and delivered an introductory address with almost an hour's address of the great Salvation Army, and voted it superfluous that anyone should introduce "the greatest and best-known old man of the age."

The General was in more than usually good trim, and his wit struck fire at every good blow he delivered, like sparks fly from the smith's anvil. The absence of an Army flag from the platform was a circumstance from which he extracted many a pleasant.

Alderman Bartholomew, the General's host, suggested the vote of thanks. He bore tribute to the Army's success in reducing the sin and misery around.

Maryborough was only privileged to hear the General once. He arrived just before his meeting hour, and was met by a dense crowd, leaving for Gympie early next morning.

GYMPIE.

(While Maryborough is the port of the Wide Bay district, Gympie is its goldfield—the bank where the district keeps its money.)

The General's reception here took place at noon on Saturday, and the station precincts were overrun by an enthusiastic, shouting host of miners and their friends. They would have done Mr. Brydaway out of his welcome speech with little ceremony, and as to the rights and privileges of Mr. Smyth, M.L.A., the General's host—well, there was not a man there but felt he could make the grand old man quite as welcome, if not quite so comfortable.



W. E. BROCK, Esq., M.L.A., who took the chair at the General's meeting at Kooragang.

The Olympic Hall was the scene of Saturday night and Sunday's battles. Its capacity far exceeds its other accommodations, but the General, according to the local press, filled it fuller than it had ever been; and as to Sunday night not only was every inch of space monopolized, but the wide outside balcony was crowded also, and many hundreds were turned away from the doors. Mr. Brydaway, the Mayor, who occupied the chair, said he liked the practical side of the Army's work.

In introducing his Social address at Gympie, the General remarked, quite incidentally, that it was his "fifteenth heavy address for the week. Besides countless interviews and

the transaction of much correspondence." Gympie people do not lack sharpness of wit; they applauded oftentimes before the General had got his point fairly out from his lips. Sunday was a scorcher. With the sun at 104 in the shade, and salubrious appeals at red-hot mark, the people who came to hear the General had a time of it. The hall was densely packed at night, and many hundreds were turned away. It was a hard and stiff fight, but before eleven at night a halcyon wind-up celebrated the salvation of the 55th soul and the sanctification of the fifteenth.

IPSWICH.

(A flourishing town of a few thousand inhabitants, with the Salvation Army in full evidence.)

This was the General's last port of call in Queensland. The town was a fete. The School of Art was full to the doors before the General got there. The streets were thronged with thousands, who could not hope to enter the hall, and whose only hope of seeing the General was to obstruct the station platform.

The train would not leave for the south till Tuesday evening, the General "indulged" in a day's meetings over and above the programmed allowance. They were holiness meetings, and scores of soldiers and others claimed parity at the pentecost-tan.



THE FOUNTAIN, TOWNVILLE.

Salvation Howells.

Mrs. Braunwell Booth is somewhat better.

Amsterdam will soon have a poor man's Hotel.

The last person that Colonel Barker prayed with in '95 was an ex-jailbird.

Major Joilite, the G.R.M. man in England, has made up his mind to realise \$50,000 this year on behalf of the Social Scheme.

The Commandant had a very special week-end at the Clefton Congress Hall. Twenty souls came to the cross.

A great welcome demonstration to the General takes place in London on March 16th.

Major Slater asserts that not only the history of the Salvation Army is written and we fully realize what we owe to the productions, stamp and labors of the General's youngest son, and our greatest musician.

Norway is having a special winter's campaign. January will be devoted to candidates; February to the restoration of backsliders; March to a great raid upon sinners; and April to the making of soldiers.

A new hall has just been opened at Newcastle, holding 800 people.

During 1895 Brigadier Miles has seen 903 addicts at the penitentiary in the meetings in addition to still greater numbers of converts.

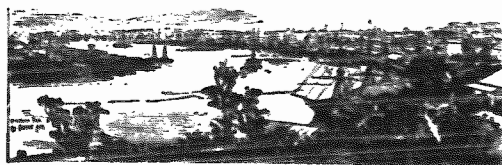
Major Brydaway of London Rescue Staff, pays a flying visit to Amsterdam, where she will inspect the new Salvation Army Hospital.

Major Stanley Bruce, whose appointment to Madrid was cancelled before Christmas, is, probably, taking an English command shortly.

The Commandant, in company with Colonel Bremner, inspected the Trade Department, England, recently. He was greatly impressed by the variety and quantity of the various departments.

Major Harding was compelled to journey to Harwich with the Commandant to secure an "interview." It was the only unoccupied hour at the Commandant's disposal.

We heartily congratulate our Cyren commander upon their late Boston March. With all the energy of his fiery nature, Brigadier James Hall has thrown himself into the effort, with what saves the total of 4700 souls.



Brisbane, from Convent Hill.

The Commandant - in - Britain!

AN ENTHUSIASTIC AND DEMONSTRATIVE RECEPTION.

A Vigorous and Humorous Address.

A GORGED, OVERFLOWING, AND ELECTRIC RINK.

THE COMMANDANT took Regent Hall by storm last Monday night.

I have seen larger crowds at an S. A. demonstration, but never in the same place. The historic Rink seats over 2,200 people—to-night it must have contained 2,700.

I have seen bigger crowds turned away from a hall, when the General has been in command, but never so early as six o'clock. The hall was gorged by that time; in fact, scores of people were hovering round the iron gates at four or five some leaving some twenty, thirty, and one or two fifty miles, just to say "halloiah" for the Commandant.

I have seen exhibitions of enthusiasm under almost every degree of human feeling; but for free, loose, exuberant manifestations of unadulterated affection, the scene in Regent Hall—when the Commandant wedged his way on to the platform, accompanied by his sisters (the Field Commissioner, Commissioner Howard, Commissioner Carleton, Commissioner Kallion, Colonel Bremner, Colonel Nicol, Colonel Higgins, and a crowd of prominent staff-officers) would take more than a pen or portrait artist to describe.

The L.H.Q. Band was perched on the shelf; the Rinkers' Band on the pontoon-form; and the Cadets' Band behind the Commandant's chair. Across the north-end facing of the gallery was a huge lettering, "Welcome, Commandant!" Behind, and forming a canopy to the entire orchestra, was the mammoth water-color painting of the Farm Colony, the work of Treasurer Morell.

Old soldiers of the Commandant's—now officers; and old P. O.'s—now full-blown British—met their feet to the signal of approach, and with the fine array of International, Trade, Home Office, Rescue and Social Staff to blend the exuberant galaxy received at their heels, the first of a dozen cataracts thrown into one.

It was a proud moment for the Commandant, do you think? I grant it, most certainly. There rose in his eyes his tears trembled. His frame, like as ever, has been the seat of strong emotion, and he could plainly see that the cataract was unexpected and too much for him. But it was only for a moment. He was caught in the whirl, and he needed with the British. Commissioners, kissed his sister, saluted everybody fifty times, and then sank!

But it was a proud moment for the International, and British Staff and London soldiers. In England, he was jealous for the reputation of our comrades and the cause in other lands. For months our beloved officer in Canada, with the Commandant at their heels, have been under the cloud of cruel misrepresentation. The cloud burst mainly upon their leader's head. We have calmed and gratefully awaited the final stage in the passing away of the cloud. And it has passed away. The effect has been a great and lasting comprehension. The Commandant, by his decent and upright conduct, his clear-out, well-remembered, brave, and called forth the finest feelings of our nature. He has been faithful even to

heroin in his troth to the flag. He has been patient when his motives have been impugned, and wise and generous in the hour of victory. We like fighting of this description, and we do not care to dispute it so that when the Commandant's smiling countenance met ours we let go. It was his hour of our as well as his reward. We believed in him thoroughly when he left our shores. We believe in him more than ever. Our confidence has been mightily strengthened.

After the cataract came the flowing tide. The meeting went forward without a hitch. We sang the old war song with the chorus, "Victory for me."

The eagerness to hear the Commandant was manifest from the beginning, and as he stood up at length, the entire house rose and repeated the demonstration of a few minutes before. The Commandant, who looks decidedly fresh in the end and freer of speech, was deeply touched.

THE COMMANDANT'S ADDRESS.

On a certain memorable occasion, began the Commandant, he met a certain editor—no less a personage than Colonel Nicol—in the city of Toronto, and asked him at a similar critical moment to the present, "What am I to say?" The "Scotch" reply was characteristic. "Oh, it is very simple—just let it out!" The Commandant replied, "That is all very well but it is not so easy to let Niagara out through a six-inch pipe!" In the face of this difficulty, we really must congratulate the Commandant, whose Niagara poured forth its impetuous waters for something like two solid hours, and the sparkle thereof dimmed not!

"Under the same old flag, on board the same old ship, and thank God, we haven't landed in the belly of a shark!" was the witty introduction to his old-time associates which our honored visitor made, in the same breath confessing—American as he was—that the half of the hearty affectionate, and sincere welcome awaiting him on this side had never been told. Stimulated by this cheer-up visit, he would the more conscientiously and be spent in God's service. He had been telling his people in Canada that we who were inside the ranks of the Salvation Army ought, of all folks, to cheer one another up. That was the point of clicks and blows, scandals and falsities hurled at us from without surely we could

SMILE AT EACH OTHER

when we met! There was a limited class of people, some of whom were soldiers, too! They must excuse him, but he always was in the dangerous habit of saying straight things. (Laughter.) Some were officers, and even more than officers, who were always telling us, "don't believe in saying this, and the other, and believe in acting." "Well now," said the Commandant, "I am one of those who believe in saying it, and acting it, too!" A rally which entirely commended itself to the delighted audience.

What is it that makes people stiff and cold—aye, even in the case of comrades in the Army—when they meet after an interval of time? It is

THE SPIRIT OF THE DEVIL.

of pride, of domination, of self, which gets into him. God keep that spirit out, and then, whatever comes we meet in, be it India, Africa, Australia,



America, or that host of all countries, the Dominion of Canada—a good gracious me! I left one country out—England (much laughter)—we shall be strangers in those parts. Glory be to God! Now, reader, you have a sample of the delicious mixture of this sparkling speech.

His Battleground.

Right eloquently did the Commandant then proceed to initiate us into the material change of his battleground, the great country from which I come. Most strenuously did he resent even a suspicion of swag, for he was not like the man who had a sleazy yacht on the Mississippi with such a big waste that every time it was blown he had to stop his boat to get up clean again. ("Oh!" and laughter.) There was a good application even to that story—some people were all whistle and no work. His immensity—ten days by train and steamboat, running day and night, to get to the extremes of his territory: its climates, of which there are four different specimens, disproving the vulgar supposition that it is an abode of ice and snow only, a place where, if you happen to be a little loose in the nostrils,

THEY WOULD IMMEDIATELY FREEZE UP.

so that you could hardly blow your nose again for six months, or where, if you happen to be weeping and shut your eyes, they would freeze up! Canada's wealth of grain, sixteen miles straight off broken wheat fields, with gram up to the saddle-girths, which the horse can pick with unbent head, and its unlimited mineral resources! This, this was Canada! It was his right to report that at this juncture the speaker looked waggishly at Commissioner Howard and said, "You can see my aim in all this—I have got my eye on good free emigration! He spoke, appropriately, too, of the Commission of Enquiry, which last autumn the General sent out to the Northwest, and expressed his belief that our leaders' hopes and prayers on behalf of the Over-Seas Colony were going to find fulfillment in some measure, if not entirely, in that beautiful country.

And the Satire.

The Battle! Ah, hearts beat quick-er at the recital under this head. A "Glory to God!" again escaped the Commandant's lips at the very commencement, for once more it had come to pass—yet he must bring another of his inexhaustible stock of stories to bear on the point. It was a Dutchman and they would remember that his own heart was "cooked" in a "Dutch" oven. (Laughter.) The man had lost his only boy, and went wandering through the world bewailing, "I hat lost my boy, my tear boy, and I wander about the world looking for him." And then the Dutchman went on to relate: "I was walking through the streets of New York, and thought I saw my boy, and I says to myself, 'Now, is that my boy?' I says, 'I think it is, but I is not quite sure. And I go closer to him and says, 'Yes, it is! He look at me, and I look at him. Then I go nearer to him, and he come nearer to me. I says, 'My tear boy! He say, 'My tear father!' And then I put my arms right round him, and—wasn't him?"

Mrs. Herbert's Love.

Half the anxieties and anguish the Commandant had suffered had never come to pass. The devil had come to him in the night sometimes and shown him himself inside out and hanging on a gibbet; he had let him see his dear wife—and he wouldn't "swear" for her sake. (Laughter.) She sent her love to her English comrades, and her thanks and wishes, and had often sung the sweeter when she remembered the kindness and kindness of those she was privileged to know during the time she was in the British Field (cheers). But to return to the application of the story, had it not been for day, and have been the same thing, of looking at something and saying, "Yes, it is going to destroy me, and we have put the arms of our men and of our angels round it by night and by day, and have been in danger of letting go of God and of our work at the very moment we ought to hold on tightest, and then we wake up one morning and say, 'It is God! It is God! It is God! which the androgo re-echoed.

Difficulties.

The first difficulty they had to deal with in Canada was disunion. That was Satan's masterpiece; and of all the foes which could conquer the blood of a Salvationist, and dry up the fountain of his soul, the Commandant knew of none so able. Disunion was the cruellest thing that the devil ever brought about on God's earth, and it was the worst enemy to a soldier or in a corps; the wedge of wedges which the evil one drove in between pure hearts, and true spirits, and brave souls, and valiant soldiers, and men who had made the very strength which was the consequence of their unity into the weakness which was the consequence of their disunion. Hold onto your love for each other, my dear wife who, when her bankrupt husband came home and said, "My dear, everything is in the hands of the Sheriff," asked, "Is the Sheriff going to sell you and me?" "No, no!" "Then my dear, we have got each other's love, and help, and hearts. Can't we put our shoulders together and make our way up again?" (Applause.) "Oh, my dear comrades," exclaimed the Commandant, "read your own history, the history of the Army. What does it show? That there must be times of stress and storm. But if, in these hours, we can look at each other and say, 'I love you, my dear, and you love me, in the hands of the Sheriff' (loud cries of "No!") 'then let all the work come on!' (Roaring cheers.)

For the first twelve months financial difficulties and depression had to be faced. Both were, however, at length mastered; the first by the "Work" having become just self-supporting (laughter); the second by unslaking their larks from the willows; "for," said Mr. Herbert, "we must stand for hope, for progress, for a new thing!" With the same he produced and exhibited his latest—A Social sack, into which the Canadian farmers are to be invited to put their titles of produce in aid of the Army's institutions. "The most sorrowful of all difficulties," the General declared in the big meeting, especially in the case of those who personally knew the late Staff-Capt. Agnes Jones. "Never could it be laid to her charge," said the General, "in a generous tribute to her memory," "that she had failed in one job or title of her duties as a loyal member of the Salvation Army." (Voices.) He was the one to feel the last words, which he put upon any human hand, and to hear the last words she spoke on earth—

WORDS OF VICTORY AND LOVE TO HER OLD COMRADES

in this country especially. "We carried the corpse of that beautiful girl," he said, "up the main street of that place—the last of the British—difficulties, and laid her to rest with hands all but broken." A few weeks before, the feet of their beloved Canadian comrade, Major Jewer, touched the Golden Paved.

At the same time the Commandant did not fail to recognize the devotion of some of his chief officers, notably the noble-hearted British soldier, who in the most trying hours these comrades had stood nobly by him and

the flag! God bless them! (Hearty cheering.)

Then the Commandant related the story of our recent legal victory in the law courts here, "racy, but scrupulously fair, as a contemporary puts it, concluding with the following statistics:

It was a truly wonderful and inspiring meeting, and one which we hope our Canadian comrades will recognize has made as much of greeting to them as a welcome to their Commissioner. From the English War Cry.



OFFICIAL ORGAN OF

THE SALVATION ARMY

IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

A Journal devoted to the activities of the last and victorious of the world, together with the propagation of the Salvation Army in all places.

Published by the Commandant, The Editor, Salvation Army Headquarters, Toronto.

HOME AGAIN!

THE COMMANDANT has returned from his voyage across the ocean. We welcome him back most heartily. Although the time of his absence and the distance geographically have been less than on some of the long tours taken within the borders of his own Territory, the fact of the Atlantic rolling between our leader and us caused amongst us all a poignant sense of his absence which would not otherwise have existed. We therefore say with increased warmth and emphasis, "Welcome Home."

HERO OF THE HOUR.

THE COMMANDANT has been the hero of the hour. We particularly reproduce a very lengthy report from the English Cry, which tells, in the most glowing terms, of a very extraordinary reception given the Commandant by the Britishers in some respects not surpassed even by the General's big times there. To say this is to gauge the wave of British warmth of welcome higher than high water mark, and no more can be said. This welcome, our British contemporary hopes, will be received by the Army hero as a greeting for them as much as a welcome to their Commissioner.

Thanks, John Bull, we duly appreciate your greeting, and wonder why, with such easy transit and brief a journey, some of you don't visit us. Come and give us a word, so we can see you, and see how we will respond.

TO ADVANCE.

"A SWEEPING ADVANCE" was the keynote from the Commandant on his return. As soon as he put his feet on American soil the wires flashed this message to each Province, Secretary. The message went just in time to put the last burst on the fire of enthusiasm, encouraged by the prospect of the approaching big War Cry Boom, and the Boom effort will be the first response of the War to the Commandant's message from New York.

MRS. BRAMWELL BOOTH.

MRS. BRAMWELL BOOTH, wholly known as the Chief Officer in the magnificent Women's Reserve work the Army carries on in Britain, has had a very serious illness, and it appeared at one time as if the end would be fatal. Latest advices report, however, we are glad to say, a favorable turn in affairs.

The time has been one of supreme trial to the Chief of the Staff. From the sick chamber of his wife he sent a most solemn and touching message to the 5,000 persons assembled at the water-night service in Clapton Congress Hall. Parts of it ran thus:— "For a week I have languished beneath my dear wife, very near to the borders of the Eternal world. In God's great goodness she is yet spared to the Army, and to my precious children, and to my precious Army. Mercy of a year which has been to me a year of boundless Mercy."

"In the presence of great sorrow,

and, above all, in the presence of death, there is nothing can avail but the present and abiding assurance of personal salvation. All hopes, all friendships, all riches, all consolations, all, all, all earth ever had, or ever can have, without the inward certainty which says 'I know I am saved,' are nothing!"

We tender the Chief of the Staff the warmest sympathy of this wing of the Salvation Army, and assurances of our love and prayers. May Mrs. Bramwell Booth long be spared to direct that most Christ-like work which has brought life and hope to so many dark hearts.

State Talk.

Mrs. Ballington Booth is appealing for candidates for Sinn work, while the Commander calls for 1,000 officers for the field.

Now grinning—Atchison and Leavenworth, Kinn, Albany and Eugene, Ore., and Philadelphia 10, 14, 15 and 16 are all now openings.

A man has been saved at Ocean, N. Y., who made it his business some time ago to hire hoodlums to disturb the Army meetings.

Promotions. Ensigns Albright, Blackburn and Horton are now Adjutants, while Captain Blackburn, of the Trade, and Captain Paulson, of the Swedish work, become Ensigns.

Farewells—Major Morton, Northern Pacific Division, and Staff-Captain Gifford, Southern Michigan, have got farewell orders.

A German camp will be opened in San Francisco about the beginning of February.

The Commander has just conducted the Annual Swedish Congress. There can be no question about the future prosperity of this branch.

The telegraph boys of the "Frisco District Telegraph Company took up a collection among themselves, and forwarded the same to the Army to help in providing a Christmas dinner for the poor.

At the water-night service in the Bowery courts, 132 souls knelt at the pentecost-form in a glorious outbreak of salvation.

Mrs. Major Haipin, the wife of the editor of the Pacific Coast War Cry, has been appointed Junior Soldier Staff Secretary for the Pacific Coast division.

The Army in Detroit, Mich., gave a splendid Christmas dinner to 1,000 of the poorest in that city.

The case against Ensign Lamb and Captain Roberts at New Bedford, Mass., was dismissed.



"Move on!"

LONDON.—The policeman told us to move on, Monday night. He's behind the times. We always been moving on, and always will be. Treasurer Mason was with us with his kit of musical instruments and his far-reaching voice, which seems to have no end to it. He's the man to get a move on! Sunday night two hundred got saved. One who lives twelve miles in the country returned next night to give God the glory. That's another move on. May God keep us ever moving on. Amen.—Lieut. G. B., for Ensign Richardson.

The Very Latest.

THE Commandant's Welcome

AND Announced Farewell!

The Commandant had welcome tea and meeting at Parkside Rescue Home on his return from visit to International Headquarters.

A full complement of officers in and around Territorial Centre was present.

Commandant received tremendous ovation, enthusiasm ran high, recital of his doings in England, the white-hot welcome he received there, and British message of love to Salvationists of this Territory elicited tremendous appreciative applause.

At the conclusion of his address, the Commandant announced his farewell. He was most deeply moved, and at one time his voice choked with tears and he could not proceed. He declared no spot on earth was so dear to him as this. Nevertheless, in view of the large number of Territorial changes taking place in April next, it was necessary in the world-wide interests of the Army, he should carry out the General's wish to relinquish his command here and place himself at the disposal of International Headquarters.

He and Mrs. Booth did this with deep grief, but firm in purpose to stand by principles of the Army. He solemnly called upon all his officers to follow him to the same. The announcement came with a thunder-clap on the rooftop of officers. Hilarity vanished; deepest concern was manifested everywhere. One after another rose to speak of the Commandant and Mrs. Booth in the most loving but grief-stricken terms. Tears rolled down many cheeks, and stilled the utterance of some, while all were very intensely moved.

Everyone acknowledged the loss to Canada, and regretted the necessity of the farewell just when our leaders had fought their way through the difficulties and have a clear course to victory before them; nevertheless, one and all declared most definitely that they would stand by the Army's principles, and having, with the Commandant and Mrs. Booth, the fullest confidence in the future beloved General, and while loving our present leaders none the less, would yield a similar affectionate service to whoever International Headquarters should send as Commissioners here.

The meeting dispersed between 11 and 12 p.m., profoundly subdued, but determined to make the Commandant's last three months here a triumphant home.

Headquarters' Crisplets

THE COMMANDANT arrived on Sunday, Jan. 10th. Look out for report of his welcome-making on the 20th at the Parkside Home.

The twenty-sixth of the month! Talk about a Red Letter Day! A right royal Canadian welcome is worth waiting miles to see.

Staff-Capt. Hargrave has been duly installed as chief assistant to the C. O. P.

Ensign Hughes has arrived from Fargo, N. D., and taken charge of the Harbinger Hurricanes.

Captain J. Barr has been appointed G. B. M. agent for the Pacific Province. He set sail on the 20th of January.

Adjutant Nagoe has arrived in the city. What will be his next appointment?

Captain Mountjoy has gone off for a G. B. M. tour around the Owen Sound district.

Ensign Ritchie is preparing gas death certificates. for the J. S. J.

The redoubtable and only Britisher has taken charge of Cobourg district.

The latest English Cry publishes words and music of the Commandant's song, "Over and over again." This song appeared in our Cry on Oct. 2nd.

The music of the song on page 11 is by Major Haipin, editor of the San Francisco Cry.

Rev. Dr. Wilson.

"How are you? I suppose you don't know me, but I know you." The speaker was a tall sober-looking gentleman of about 40. He made the above remark just after alighting from an incoming train at the union depot, then he addressed to the Editor of the Evangelical Alliance, New York. The Rev. gentleman engaged most warmly after the Commandant, expressed great sympathy for him in the many difficulties and trials facing his administration here, especially deprecating the action of those who had forced the Army into the law courts. The Dr. referred to as "our Commander" from the E. A., and to the fact that "the Army saved me twelve years ago. I let everybody know that," also adding that he has a daughter in the Army work, who is now stationed in Yorkshire, England.

It was evident from Dr. Wilson's manner that he is out-and-out in favor of the Salvation Army. God bless him and his work.

The Hamilton Times of January 10 says:—This week's issue of the War Cry contains a fine portrait of Mr. Andrew Provost, treasurer of the Hamilton corps, together with a column out of his life. As Treasurer of the Hamilton corps, he has been very successful in raising funds for new barracks and shelter, having already secured \$500, which he intends increasing to \$1,000.

Safe here. Affectionate greeting. Now for a sweeping advance. Commandant. This was the Commandant's message to Major Howell as leaving at New York. The Major wired back: "Central Province warmly greets you. Adieuance we must!"

THE LATEST!

FAREWELL!

In connection with the almost universal change of Territorial leader, Commander Ballington Booth has received orders from International Headquarters, London, Eng., to farewell his change in the United States. His actual departure will probably not take place for some months.

Mrs. BRAMWELL BOOTH is now out of danger, but very much exhausted.

UNITED STATES. More War Prospects—A Big Call.

Commander Ballington Booth has issued a call throughout all his territory for an estimated of 1000 soldiers into the ranks of prospective enlistment.

NEW EXPEDITION FOR COMMISSIONER POLLARD

The O. S. C.

On the arrival of the General at Coquimbo, telegrams awaited him in answer to several enquiries which he set on foot when in Western Australia. These must have been of a gratifying nature, for Commissioner Pollard was at once commanded by the General to return and follow them up. They relate to the fact that he has been made to the General regarding the Over-Sea Colony. Commissioner Pollard proceeded by the next steamer to Albany, West Australia.

A STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT!

The Commandant & Mrs. Booth to Farewell.

AN IMPORTANT DECLARATION.

To the Officers, Soldiers, and Friends of the Salvation Army.

BELOVED COMRADES AND FRIENDS,—

As loyal and obedient Salvationists, it is now our duty to inform you that it is the wish of our beloved General that we should relinquish our present command, at about the end of April next. We shall, accordingly, proceed at once with our farewell arrangements. It is unnecessary to say that we shall feel most acutely parting from you all. No comradeship is, or could be, more unspeakably precious to us than that which, like yours, has proved its fidelity in the very surest way. We have trusted, loved, and served each other when circumstances have placed the utmost strain upon our fellowship. We have clung to each other in the storm, and gone bail for one another's integrity when the devil and his agents have done their best to cover us with shame. Love so wrought in the furnace, is strong indeed; comradeship so welded in affliction, will make the parting keenly felt. We should, too, have rejoiced more than we can say, had it been the Lord's way for us, to have lingered amongst you till the better development of our plans would have enabled us to see the further conquests upon which we have so set our hearts. For the victories *behind* we praise God, but there is a special sense in which just now the night is past, and the day of greater triumph is dawning, we should have rejoiced in experiencing with you its sunshine. After standing together so long, in patient resistance of a common foe, it would have cheered us to share the enthusiasm of the all-conquering "charge."

It was in the hope of carrying the judgment of International Headquarters upon this matter that I laid the facts fully before them when in London, and asked them that, if possible, our stay might be lengthened. I found, however, that it was in the highest interest of the universal Army that a large number of territorial changes should take place at the present time, and that mine must necessarily be among them. That being so, I had nothing to say, but that the welfare of the entire Army must be considered, and we would be the first to obey the call, so often given, to sacrifice and duty, by the lips of our God-honored General.

We shall look forward to other opportunities, which will, God willing, be given us of exchanging farewell salutes, when we meet face to face.

Now let us remember that God is our great Leader, and that earthly directors are only of use so far as they bind our hearts to Him. The true test of all spiritual leadership lies in its ability to assist the souls of those who follow to *still follow* on when the human aid is withdrawn. Certainly it is right we should follow the lead of those who are set over us in the Lord, and it is only fidelity which clings to that which is loved and feels the miss of it when gone, but as it was with the Master, so it is in a sense with His shepherds, "It is necessary they should go," in order that the flock may be reminded that it is the Holy Ghost, after all, they must look for help that delivers, and for power which keeps.

In conclusion, we would say most earnestly, that should any comrade desire to express his or her appreciation for any small service we have rendered the Army or themselves, there is one way above all others in which they can do so. We would ask you to pledge yourselves to a whole-hearted effort for advancing the Army during the last three months of our stay, and to accept with unswerving loyalty, fidelity and obedience the wishes of our beloved General, who must know what is best for the Entire Army. Be determined to do nothing either in word or deed that would burden your mind with any responsibilities that do not belong to you, but go on with your work of saving souls and bringing in the Kingdom of Christ.

With sincere love and hearty appreciation of all your affection and fidelity.

We are, beloved comrades,

Yours for God and the Army,

HERBERT H. BOOTH,
CORNELIE BOOTH.

Territorial Headquarters,
Toronto, Jan. 20th, 1896.

A LOYAL TRIBUTE.

The Officers reply to the Commandant's Farewell Announcement.

Jan. 20th, 1896.

TO COMMANDANT AND MRS. BOOTH.

DEARLY BELOVED LEADERS:

We have heard with profound sorrow the announcement of your farewell from the command of the Canadian Wing of the Army. You will not think us guilty of flattery when we say that we have learned to regard you with an affection that can only be won by love itself, and a respect which is always and only the reciprocation of ability. Both of these gifts you have displayed in a marked degree in the development of our work, and in the strengthening of the bonds of unity and concord. When we remember the difficulties by which we were surrounded at the commencement of your term of office, the discord among a certain set of Officers, as well as the shattered state of our finances, our hearts are filled with grateful praise at the marvellous change which, under the blessing of God, has been wrought.

We take pleasure in saying what a feeling of delicacy only has prevented our saying before, that your loyalty and faithfulness to Army principles, your able, fearless and disinterested service, have made a deep and lasting impression upon our hearts and minds. The thought of parting with you is a deep source of grief and regret to us. Nevertheless, we are aware that in the natural order of things changes of leadership must come, and like loyal soldiers we must resign ourselves to what are sometimes the stern demands of the war, whether they bring comfort or sorrow. We trust and believe that others will gain from what to us is we believe a great loss, and from that fact we take courage and consolation.

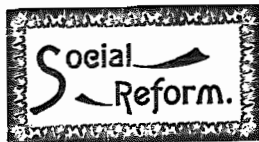
Be assured that your going will not cause our zeal to slacken, nor our energy to lag. On the other hand, we shall do what we know you will appreciate far more than any personal praise or commendation: we shall rally round and support your successor, whomever God and our dear General may see fit to appoint over us, exhibiting the same whole-hearted co-operation—however feebly—in which we have endeavored to serve you, and if in so doing the War is progressed and God's kingdom extended, we shall feel well and amply rewarded.

Earnestly praying that oceans of blessing and many long years of happy prosperity may be yours,

Your loyal and affectionate officers,

(Signed) THOMAS HOLLAND, Colonel.	JOSEPH STREETON, Major.
C. T. JACOBS, Brigadier.	THOS. COLLIER, "
JOHN COMPLAN, Major.	ARTHUR SMEETON, Staff Capt.
JOHN READ, "	J. M. C. HORN, "
THOS. HOWELL, "	ALEX. MCILLAN, "

This letter was read in an Officers' Council at Toronto and unanimously approved of and signed afterwards by all the assembled Officers, about one hundred in number.



THE SOCIAL FARM.

CHAPTER I.

"Where's Brigadier Jacobs?" This was the query frequently heard around Headquarters lately, and quite as often the reply of Captain Bate, the statistician who figures, in two senses, at the doorway to the General Secretary's office, was "At the Farm." In fact, "Where's Brigadier Jacobs?" and "At the Farm" was heard so often that the Brigadier had to mildly remind an individual on one occasion that he was "not always at the Farm."

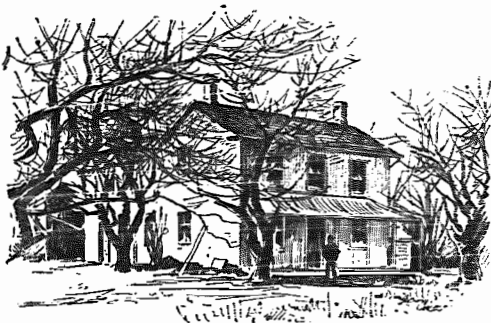
If the reader gathers from the preceding paragraph that Brigadier Jacobs has devoted a considerable amount of time and attention to the interests of the Social Farm, he will be quite correct; the Brigadier has done so, and under the advice and help of the Commandant, who has spent hours and hours in studying and planning for the farm, has produced an excellent system on the most approved, up-to-date Army style in working order, and applied to the uplifting and permanent benefit of a hungry, hopeless, lapsed humanity—a blessed system, which comprehends the needs of body, mind and spirit, and caters for all.

The Social Farm is our second stage in the General's great plan for raising the submerged. It fits in thus: You are an out-of-work. From some cause or other, no matter what, you have got down, down under the feet of the bustling crowd, every one of whom are absorbed in their own frantic fight to "make a living." Hungry, homeless, workless, careless, perchance almost despairing of life ever being sought but a weary slavery in the search for work, your eyes light upon the Army Institution for men. "Work for all" is the motto of the Army, and you say, "I'll see if these people will do anything for me."

"Work? Yes, my friend," replies the Social Captain. "We will give you some work. Come into the wood-yard." You go to the wood-yard, you earn an honest penny like any other honest-working man, you feel yourself the better for earning the right to a supper and bed at the Army Hotel opposite, and you raise your head an inch or two higher as you plunk down your honest coin for your hot supper in the brightly-lighted Army dining hall.

Good so far, but you want something permanent, your present need has been met, but the future—ah, there's still the future, what of that? "Can these people help me to a permanency?" you query. The answer to that is—"The Social Farm."

Yes, the Social Farm is just the thing. You have become demoralized by your past environment. You need something which will take hold of you and be back-bone to you through

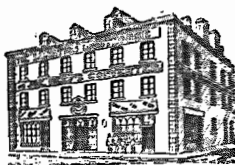


The Homestead, on the New Farm.

every department of your being, till you are bright, hopeful, strong and vigorous once again. The Social Farm will do this for you. Thank God!

(To be continued.)

"An Incalculable Boon,"



JOE BEEF.

THE Montreal Daily Herald of recent date has some very commendable things to say of "Joe Beef's Converted," our Montreal Shelter for men. The Herald says a noble work is being done, and that our Institutions are an incalculable boon to the towns in which they are situated. In the column or so the Herald devotes to "Joe Beef" we are informed that "Joe Beef" was opened in July, '93, and for the year ending June 1st, 1895, 13,815 meals have been occupied, 42,821 meals served, while 5,142 beds and 4,408 meals have been given free, partly on subscribers' tickets.

The Labor Bureau in connection with the Institution has proved its utility by discovering employment for over 400 men.

A home for ex-prisoners is now suggested.

"Surely," says the Herald in conclusion, "an Institution like this is deserving of support, and should have the thanks of every citizen. It is quite certain that if they... counteract the evil influences of such low dives as 'French Mary's' and kindred hot-beds of vice, some good at least has been attained."

A LIFEBOAT SPECIAL.

On Wednesday evening, January 15, we had with us Mrs. Major Read, assisted by Mrs. Adjutant Phillips and Captain Baglin. There were in all

about sixty men present, who were delighted with the kind, straight words spoken and the good counsel given by Mrs. Read. One man who is a slave to drink said to me, after the meeting, "She seems to get right to the bottom of it." Another remarked, "He could listen to that all night."

Mrs. Phillips comes, accompanied by her husband, took well. Capt. Baldwin said a few well-chosen words. Her visits to the Shelter meetings are always appreciated by the men. Although more grateful to God we had the pleasure of seeing the tears finding their way down more than one brown cheek. God bless the sisters. Come again.—H. W. Collier, Capt.

TORONTO LEAGUE OF MERCY.

An Incident.

"WHY, I thought you said you were going out last Saturday," said a League of Mercy worker to an Irishman in a cell at the Don prison.

"Sure, an' who's a better right to be here than me?" replied the Irish lady. "I was here before the matron."

"But you've been out?"

"Och, yes, to be sure, and didn't I make up me mind to touch silver a drop again, but while I got to the gate wan of me friends thrated me to list wan glass of whiskey—only wan, mind—and the policeman declared I was drunk, and run me in; this the policeman he believed the policeman rather than me, and sent me down again. Och, well," concluded the speaker, with a sigh of regret, "O'm better here than layin' around the street."

SOCIAL SHREDS.

Colonel Scott has some splendid letters of grateful testimony as to the Farm Colony's usefulness from men who have passed through it to situations.

The General met the New Zealand Treasurer and the Cabinet members, when a large building was placed at our disposal for prisoners and the Rescue Work.

The Saxagade Shelter, in Copenhagen, Denmark, has proved such an immense success that an enlargement is necessary.

The municipal authorities of Christiania, Norway, have voted the sum of 1,600 kroner towards the Army Shelter and Labor Bureau.

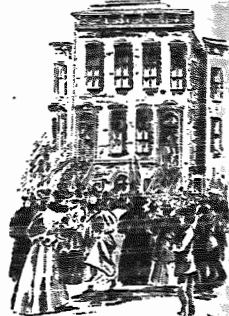
Xmas festivities at the Hadleigh Farm Colony were of an high order. Colonel Scott put the whole place in good humor.

The announcement made at the free Xmas dinner to 1,000 of the poorest people in Amsterdam by Colonel Oshinick, that a new Poor Man's Hotel would be opened in the Wamancstraat (the Hum-Street) was applauded vigorously.

A newspaper reporter on the "Saturday Review" went to the Blackfriars Shelter, prepared to scoff, and came away an enthusiastic admirer, as he himself admits. The interviewer appears in the Review.

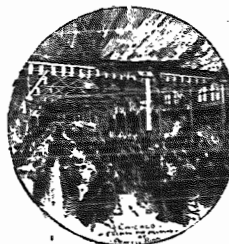
The Pacific Coast comrades opened a splendid Receiving Home in San Francisco on New Year's day. Cap-

tain Berry has been appointed matron. It will prove a real boon to the poor women in the city.



The dedication of the New Women's Shelter at Receiving Home, San Francisco.

Miss Beatrice Cadbury, daughter of the famous Cocoa Manufacturer, obtained \$3 in her box last quarter by the sale of nick-nacks to the employees and servants.

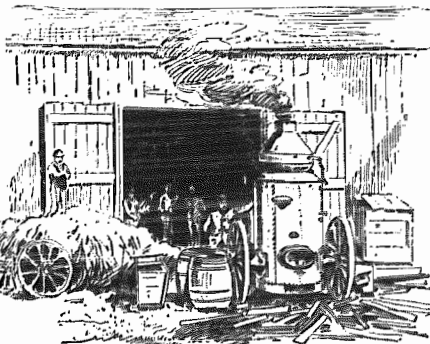


The officers in charge of the Prison Bunk, Chicago, gave a very substantial meal on Xmas day to hundreds of the poorest. The paper spoke very kindly of the Army's practical charity.

BRO. ALEX. McLEOD, C.R.M.B.I.A., EDMONTON.



BROTHER McLEOD was born in the year 1833, June 7th, in the town of Woodstock, County of Oxford, Ont. His parents were members of the Presbyterian Church, who taught their children to love God and respect the Sabbath day. Like most boys, Bro. McLeod would get into trouble on account of his sins. He left home at the age of twenty-one to seek his fortune. After traveling through the West for six years he landed in Edmonton, Alberta, sixteen years ago, and has been successful as a farmer ever since. When the Army opened its doors, Bro. McLeod could be seen at the hall listening to the Army leaders telling of a wonderful service. Conviction smote his heart. He felt that he ought to get saved. For some months he held back, however. The few months ago he came to Jesus and found the service could save even a Scotchman like himself. Three months ago he was appointed evangelist. Before that he was Agent for the cause, and by so may be in working men here he will be successful in the collection of money to carry on the work of God.



At the New Farm—Cutting Feed for the Cows.

THE PROVINCES.

Central Ont. Province.

Bracebridge District Jots.

WORD CAME for Captain Parker to farewell. So Wednesday night he and myself left for Gravenhurst, where Captain Young and Lieut. Rowe had just farewelled at their watch-night service. We reached the barracks and found it shut and no lights or fire. Where Captain and Lieutenant were I could not tell. Some of our unsaved boys opened the door and soon got a fire on.

It was a dreadful night out, but 75 people came to meeting. I enrolled three soldiers. Left for home on the midnight train.

AT BRACEBRIDGE we are getting a few backsliders saved. We have just enrolled two Juniors and received one into the Senior roll. My, it has been cold of late! Twenty-five below zero last Sunday.

CAPT. LACEY and **WIFE** are away up at Parry Sound. They are having victory. Souls are getting saved. **CAPT. YOUNG** and **LIEUT. ROWE**, who have just gone to Huntsville, report souls in the work.

GEORGE L. ARKETT, D.O.

BRAMPTON.—During the last three weeks we have seen nine precious souls fall at the cross and surrender Arms. Among the number is one of the worst drunkards in the town. Most of them are taking their stand as soldiers. **JEANIE FERGUSON**, Capt. WILSON. — On the first Sunday's fight in WILSON. — One very fair crowd. Comrades on fire. Prospects real bright. Ensign Green, with Brigade, will hold special revival meetings, commencing Thursday next. **CAPT. R. HURSTABLE**.

OWEN SOUND.—Sunday we had a beautiful day. Commenced at kneedril, and God crowned our efforts with four souls in the net. One Sunday night and two on Monday night; one while out visiting. His blood can make the vicent clean.—**CAPT. FOLINER**, for Ensign Green.

OPEN LETTER

To the Officers and Soldiers of the Central Ontario Province.

My Dear Comrades,—

Having received so many letters of love and sympathy from you, we take this method of thanking you from the heart of our hearts for the heart-felt expressions towards us at this time. Although we were soldiers for THE WORLD'S SALVATION, yet we can assure you we feel the parting, as it was in this Province we were saved. I fought as you as soldiers, and live as officers. Yet we thank our dear leaders for giving us the privilege of going to another climate for the benefit of our health.

Again we heartily thank you all. May God abundantly bless you and give you greater victories. You can rely on us being true to the flag.

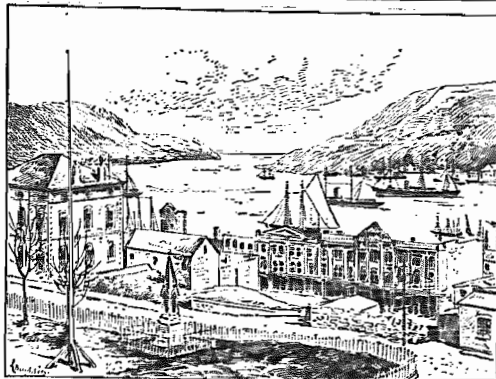
Affectionately yours,
ADJUTANT AND MRS. AYRE.

EAST ONT. PROVINCE.

PERTH.—Thank God, we are still holding our own and advancing a little. We have had another soul since last report. We have had a visit from Captain Sibley, with the magic lantern. The people were delighted.—**F. R. BLOOM, Cade**.

NAPANEE.—Just came here, and things are going ahead. Yesterday, Sunday, we had a magnificent time. Afternoon a regular boiling over time. Night a powerful meeting, packed to the doors. We landed one soul in the fountain, after which we had an Indian war dance. Three souls since coming here.—**CONSE**.

PETERBORO.—The war chariot is still rolling along, glory to Jesus. God



A View of the Narrows and Harbor, St. John's, Newfoundland.

has blessed the meetings all week. Victory has been ours. **Sergt.-Major Spensley** has returned, as full of life as ever. God bless you, **Sergt.-Major**, glad to have you back again. We got blessed in the holiness meeting, and at night we had three souls in the fountain.—**MAY LANG**.

WATERLOO.—P. Q. We are again able to report souls. One on Christmas day, and another on New Year's eve. May they prove faithful soldiers of the cross. Still our prayers, more, more!—**THE TWO SISTERS**.

MORRISBURG.—On the last Sunday of the old year a brother who for some time has been cold in his soul and neglected his duty, came back to the fold. Last Friday night three brothers came out and gave themselves to God. They are getting along nicely. On Sunday night had another soul. Mother Gillard gave us a fig. She said she used to kneel for the devil and she thought she could dance for the Lord. We have had **Herriman**, (one of our Yankee comrades) with us whom God has done a lot for.—**ONE WHO WAS THERE**.

KEMPTVILLE.—Last Friday night a young man made his way to the foot of the cross. He never was saved before, and is getting along splendid. We have had altogether, including backsliders, five souls since Christmas.—**ANNE BATHGATE, Captain**.

ORENTHON.—**Capt. McKinnon** and **Lieut. O'Hara** have just taken hold here. Crowds, finances, and interest increasing. Sunday we had with us **Captains Milson, Towell** and **Backstead**; meetings good. On Monday we were reinforced by **Ensign Blacking**. The meeting was of a very original character. Everyone seemed to thoroughly enjoy it. Tuesday afternoon a little crowd of war in the quarters, and at night a very profitable soldiers' meeting was conducted by him.—**DOCKIE**, for **McKinnon** and **O'Hara**.

WESTERN PROVINCE.

WHEATON, N.D..—One man got so miserable on account of his sin he swore he would not come any more to the Army. He did, though, and got gloriously saved, and so did his wife a few nights after. Since last report we have had five out for sanctification. Crowds are very good, collections are improving, and the people are very favorably impressed.—**Lieut. H. Petch** for **Ensign Lee**.

BRANDON, MAN.—Sunday was a day of victory. The afternoon meeting was led by **Cade**, **Burns**, **Cook**, and **Hammond**, who are leaving for the Training Home in a few days. At night they all spoke very feebly. The outcome of the day's fight was three in the fountain. We miss our comrades very much. Monday night we were reinforced by **Capt. McGill**, and had two more precious souls.—**ANNE HURST, Captain**.

PORT ARTHUR.—A great battle was fought here on Sunday evening, the 5th inst. For three long hours, desperate was the fighting, and although the "Black Flag" was relinquished again and again, they returned

to the charge, and used up all the tactics they were capable of. Our soldiers were at last seen advancing under a yellow, red and blue, and completely routed the enemy. Result, three in the fountain. Great enthusiasm. In fact, this is a real letter day for the corps, as four stalwart recruits were enrolled with due solemnity at the afternoon meeting to fight the good fight.—**ANDREW BARTER**.

MOOSOMIN, N. W. T..—Hello! I suppose you think we are dead. Well, not quite yet! We got a good victory during S-D Week. The devil of discouragement has been sick ever since. It is rumored that the S. A. is going to be driven out of town, but we are not very uneasy about it. We enjoy the fight. Two souls last week.—**Cade**, **Hockin** and **Mercer**.

GRAND FORKS, N.D..—We now have a full hall nearly every night, and oh, how glad we are to see so many coming to the cross. Eight have knelt there this week. We had **Major Beant** with us from Saturday to Monday.—**J. M. Tracy**, **Cadet**, for **Ensign Gale**, **D.O.**

MORDEN, MAN.—Farewell orders to hand, after spending exactly five months in Morden. Our figures have gone up, the roll increased, babies born, and S-D quadrupled over last year. We've increased in spirituality, too. My own experience is brighter. My peace deeper, my desires keener. I don't know where I've been going, but one thing sure, God will be there. Hallelujah!—**Ensign Bob Smith**.

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

VICTORIA, B.C..—Since last report five have sought salvation. The new year was welcomed in many different ways by our worthy fellow-citizens, but the Salvationists had a watch-meeting, led by **Ensigns Patterson** and **Fitzpatrick**. A big job has been announced for the near future. **Major Friedrich** is coming, bandmen and local officers are to be commissioned, the officers are coming in from all the corps of the division and a wonderful time is expected.—**Annie Kelly**, **S-C**.

Not a "Hard God."

MISSOULA, MONT..—Words of sympathy are continually being poured in to our ears, and even the War Cry has been down as a hard shop. Christmas eve found us on the street sixteen strong. The devil did not like it. The inside meeting was a Heaven below. Nine recruits were sworn in under the colors, and there are more on the way. Our railroad comrades came in full of fire. Christmas day at 2:30 p.m. we formed a circle for a holiness meeting at the barracks, where the Lord met with us in power. Two souls for Christ. We were reinforced on Monday, the 30th, by **Cadet Slater** and our new band drum. We saw the **Cadet** in the train on last day for Spokane. Our watch-service was a time of re-commemoration to God and His service. As the bells "rang out the old and in the new," we knelt and in silence prayed that God would

use us in 1896 to bring many wandering home. One precious soul was born into the kingdom. Four of us had a grand New Year march at 1 a.m. Everyone seemed glad to see us. Even the bar-keepers were out on the sidewalk in their uniforms.—**Lieut. Scott**, for **Captain Corlett**.

For North Dakota

ADJUTANT AND MRS. AYRE ARE BOUND.

They Tell the Editor a Thing or Two.

ADJUTANT AND **MRS. AYRE**, both looking bright and happy, showed up at the War Cry office for a few final words before boarding the cars for Bismarck, 1,400 miles from their last appointment.

ADJUTANT and **Mrs. Ayre** came in to the work five years ago, after six years of soldiering. The Adjutant got an excellent training in corps affairs those six years. He took the deepest interest in the War as carried on in his corps (Bismarckville), "plunging his whole being" to use his own expressive sentence, into the fight, so that he was able to take charge of a corps straight away.

The Adjutant and his wife commenced their work, then followed promotion to a District Officership, and finally the Adjutant became second man in the Central Ontario Province.

REFERRING to his experiences in the Army, he had nothing to complain of with respect to any of those Lord, neither had he ever had appeal to his D. O., or Headquarters, for a cent. "The War has kept us, and we have been happy, contented, and well clothed, and with plenty to eat."

From this phase of his career it will be seen that the Adjutant is a man of some sturdiness and energy of character.

HE AND **MRS. AYRE** left Toronto in excellent spirits. They have full faith in God, their Territorial leaders, and the Army, and are certain of victory. The Adjutant also is full of hope that the change of climate will free him from the chronic asthma with which he is afflicted,—the result of a boyish escapade.

THE ADJUTANT testifies to a spiritual experience almost without a closer asked, so what he attributed the power to keep ever the duties, and conquer all the time, he replied, "Putting the kingdom first." While he did not wish to speak in praise of himself, yet he could bear witness to working for God and souls night and day, both as a soldier and an officer. His whole being was swallowed up in the work, so that it was a joy instead of being a burden or hardship. Another reason for his happiness in his work was counting the cost before he took the step into officership. He did not jump without proper thought, so was thoroughly prepared when his audience came. Hard times had come, too, for the Adjutant, besides the ordinary one and plumes of officership had had sick comrades who had lost his little boy since coming into the work.

BISMARCK, North Dakota, is to be the scene of his labors. It is a new ground to the Army, and we may hope for some live happenings soon. The Adjutant has already been told not to be afraid, as he sees a crowd of cowboys in his audience armed with revolvers and bow-knives. God bless Adjutant and Mrs. Ayre, and let the War Cry readers say "Amen!" **C.**



Went with a bang—Soon Week.

ARMY NOTABILITIES.

NOT LEFT ALONE!

A CALIFORNIAN SONG.

TO THE LADIES!

UNDERVESTS—35cets., 50cets., 75cets.
GLOVES—15cets., 20cets., 30cets.
HOSE—20cets., 30cets., 50cets.

HANDS DOWN, and give our FOR CAPS a chance at your ears—\$2.00, \$2.25, \$4, \$5, \$5.50, \$9, \$9.50, and \$7.

We Don't Keep Tea!

WE SELL IT!

And a splendid lot it is too! You can get it at 30cets., 40cets., or 50cets. If you live in Toronto, drop Sergt. Laughlin, S. A. Temple, a post card, and he'll bring you any style you want.

AS WARM AS WARM.

MEN'S CARDIGAN JACKETS—A genuine New Stock, extra heavy, superior quality—All wool. Will let them go to you at \$3.50, seeing you're not a bad sort.

What is Your Motto?

Beautiful selection of mottoes now in stock:

Shield (large)	13c
Shield (small)	10c
Serolls	15c
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Fans	15c
Three-fold Screens	35c
"Christ is Lord," etc.	35c
Rules for 70-day	12c
General's Message (with photo) ..	15c
Mrs. (Gen.) Booth's dc. do.	10c

They're Going Great!

We mean our HEAVY SERGES, at \$12.00, \$13.00, and \$15.50. Send along your order.

WANTED!

We would be glad if any officers, soldiers or friends can let us have spare copies of November and December "All the World."

Address, Trade Secretary, S. A. Temple, Toronto, Ont.

WANTED AT ONCE!

Copies of the Canadian Cry for Dec. 9th, 1919, and Nov. 24th, 1919.

Should any reader have these, to spare we should esteem it a great kindness if they could let us have them.

NOT DEAD YET!
BY A LONG CHALK.

About four years ago Durham was counted "off" the roll of S. A. copies in the Dominion of Canada, although it sent into the field of battle such warriors as Adjutant McMillan, Ensigna Wiggins, and Captain Larter. People thought and spoke of it as "dead." One spark of life, however, viz., a seven-year-old lad writing the War Cry. No one noticed it. It wasn't worth while; such a little spark left to glow alone was sure to die out. But the fort was held, and the fire was kept smoldering. Last September, at Palmerston, Ensign Dowell enrolled the Mayor of Durham, Bro. Wm. Laidlaw, amongst the number who have enlisted to be true to the fight till the finish. The Ensign also enrolled the mother of the boy who held the fort by Cry selling. Sister J. M. Benton. During September Week, these two soldiers bravely helped by our Juniors, Harry Benton, Willie Laidlaw and Fremont Benton, gathered into the fund over \$12.

The corps to-day shows unmistakable signs of life. It is small in numbers, but fervent in spirit. Mayor Laidlaw is at the present time War Cry salesman, and our sister is training her two boys to be "blood and fire," not "milk and water" soldiers, a work in which their Father helps. J. M. B.

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Traverse, Ontario, and devoted to the spreading of the glorious work of Salvation among the children of Canada, Newfoundland, and North-West America.

THE WAR CRY

CONTAINS ALL THE LATEST news of the war, with original articles by the General and Adjutants of the Salvation Army, and is a more vivid and complete account of the progress of the war, and the work of the Salvation Army, than any other publication. It is a more vivid and complete account of the progress of the war, and the work of the Salvation Army, than any other publication. It is a more vivid and complete account of the progress of the war, and the work of the Salvation Army, than any other publication.

Printed with all S. A. publications, by James B. Hume, at the S. A. Printing House, 10 Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.

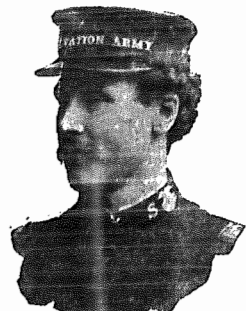
MAJOR WILLIAM HALPIN, who recently took over the editorship and management of the San Francisco Cry, has made a reputation already. His Christmas special, at ten cents, went with such a rage that the Major could not fill the orders he received by fully 8,000 copies. Not only that, but the Cry netted a good profit for the Army funds. One of the covers had a fine colored lithograph of Commander Ballington Booth. In response to a suggestion from this office, the Major states he hopes to produce a companion picture of Mrs. Booth at a later date.

THE MAJOR AND HIS WIFE are a fine couple.

He had a Christian training, and was brought up with great care, according to the Church of England method, which, robed of spiritual life as it is, sometimes, has supplied for after days a splendid substratum of truth for the Holy Spirit's use in and through the possessors of it, as many can testify.

The Major is passionately fond of music, and became a proficient musician before he saw the Army or the Army Captain whose amateur corseings he could not but ridicule; however, his fellow-bandman got saved, and he, finding his chords joining the Army, went that way too, and was soon happy in the knowledge of salvation.

This was at Birkenhead. There was a very mean crowd of toughs there, who frequently mobbed



the Army. On one occasion the authorities had to read the riot act. In this environment his six months' soldiering was spent.

He entered the British Training House in '99, and got orders for U. S. A. after some successful field work. His first corps on the continent was New York I. (the "Hayfoot"), then Augusta, Me.

MRS. HALPIN comes from Hartlepool, England. She was brought up so good she did not feel herself a sinner till she listened to the testimony of some soldiers at a S. A. open-air



meeting. Mrs. Halpin was one among 30 penitents at the close of a meeting the General led in '77. It doth not appear whether Lottie France was transferred to the American field

from the English in order to be near Willie Halpin, but it is certain that they married April 4, 1899.

TOGETHER they have fought for God, as Caymans at the Bowers, N.Y., Aubury Park, N.J., Taunton, Mass., Scranton, Pa. Then, promoted, they went to assist in Northern Ohio District; then took charge of Southern Ohio and Kentucky, and Central California and the North Pacific Division, and Pennsylvania, and lastly, in October, '95, the editing of the San Francisco Cry fell to their hands.

The Major may thank his affection of the throat, which stopped his platform work, for procuring him his present position; certainly he never occupied a more important one. Success still greater to him and his warrior wife.

I think there are some little Halpins, but we will leave the Young Soldier to tell about them. C.

"The liquor traffic is a cancer in society, eating out its vitals and threatening destruction, and all attempts to regulate it will not only prove abortive but will aggravate the evil. No; there must be no more attempts to regulate the cancer; it must be eradicated. Not a root must be left behind; for, until this is done, all classes must continue in danger of becoming victims of strong drink."—Abraham Lincoln.

SALVATION SONGS.

FREE-AND-EASY DITTIES.

Tune—"Sweet Marie."

1 I am listening for Thy voice,
Saviour dear,
I would make Thy cross my choice,
Saviour dear,
While I consecrate to Thee
All I have or hope to be,
Oh I reveal Thyself to me,
Saviour dear,
I would see Thy blessed face,
Saviour dear,
I would rest in Thy embrace,
Saviour dear,
I would lose myself in Thee,
Evermore Thy captive be,
To be Thine eternally,
Saviour dear.

Chorus.

Speak to me, tenderly,
Tenderly, speak to me,
With Thy gentle, loving voice
Speak to me.
Saviour, hear me while I pray,
Comfort, strengthen me to-day,
Only speak and I'll obey,
Speak to me.

Thou art speaking now to me,
Saviour dear,
And Thy smiling face I see,
Saviour dear,
Oh, what rapture fills my soul,
As o'er me the willows roll,
I am every whit made whole,
Saviour dear,
Now I've power to do Thy will,
Saviour dear,
Thou dost with Thy presence fill,
Saviour dear,
I will bring the lost to Thee,
Thou hast died to set them free,
Suffered death on Calvary,
Saviour dear.
—Captain Evans, Sacramento.

Tune—"The Maple Leaf forever."

2 Some years ago a blood-washed
man,
Filled with power and liberty,
Went forth to preach to dying souls
The tale of Calvary.
God owned his work, and gave him
soul,
And blessed his brave endeavor,
To-day he waves a flag we love—
"The Army Flag forever!"

Chorus.

The Army Flag is waving still,
We'll lower it never! never!
Till all the world is won, we'll wave
The Army Flag forever!

At times the clouds were thick and
dark,
And Satan with his forces came
And tried to shake his courage, but
He stood in Jesus' name;
And God, whose help he sought each
hour,
Has faded him never, never,
So still he's fighting bravely 'neath
The Army Flag forever!

The war goes on and souls are won
By God's great host of blood-washed
men,
Who by His might shall put to flight
The power of death and sin.
And when in Heaven, around the
throne
Well come our praises never,
That by God's grace we loved to sing
The Army Flag forever!

—Katie Allen, Kingston.

CLEAN-NEAT SONGS.

Tunes—"Anything for Jesus," B.B. 76,
or "Onward, Christian soldiers,"
B.B. 86.

3 Jesus, loving Saviour, more of
Thee I need,
Hear me while I'm praying, for more
love I plead;
Love for precious dying souls who are
far in sin,
Jesus, come and fill me, help me souls
to win.

Chorus.

Anything for Jesus.

A UNIQUE ADVANCE!

The Army still abreast of the times.
The Poor must have the 'War Cry.'
The Rich may share in the ad-
vantage.
The Price will be within the reach
of all.

2 CENTS, 2 CENTS, 2 CENTS.
THAT IS THE NEAT SUM.

The People's Penny Paper.
We glory in the title.
The size will be the same as
before.

The result will be more than
twice the circulation.

The date of the change is Feb. 1st.

During the week a great campaign will be
inaugurated to boost the paper. The campaign
leaders are Brigadiers Scott and Margous, Majors
Morris, Bennett, Howell, Friedrich and
Sharp. They will be ably supported by their
dashing assistants, the Field and Soldiers. The
drum call to war has already been sounded.
The guns will soon be in position, and ere long
the din of battle will give place to the ringing cry
of victory.

"Proudly the note of the trumpet is
sounding,
Gaily the 'War Cry' arises on the
breezes"

TO ARMS, YE BRAVES, IS THE CALL
TO WHICH ALL WILL RESPOND.

Jesus, loving Saviour, fill me for the
fight,
May I only live for Thee, walking in
the light;
Teach me, Lord, to trust Thee when
the way is dark,
Ever pressing onward to the heavenly
mark.

Only in Thy service, Lord, I want to
be,
All my time and talents to be spent
for Thee;
Every need Thou wilt supply while I
trust in Thee;
Where I'll be most useful, there I
want to be.
—May Lang, Peterboro'.

Tunes—"Little sweetheart, come and
kiss me," "Just before the bat-
tle, mother" (Sweet the moments),
B.B. 157, or "Meet me at the foun-
tain," B.B. 14.

[A song that has been used much in
leading souls into a full salvation.]

4 Art thou willing I should save
thee,
Save thee from thy every sin?
Art thou willing I should help thee,
Dwelling constantly within?
Art thou willing to surrender
All that now lies dear to thee?
If so, tell me, and I'll cleanse thee,
Though thy sins as marbet be.

Yes, I'm willing, I am willing,
Jesus, to be wholly Thine;
Every sin and every idol
I do gladly here resign.

Art thou willing to be holy,
Willing now to give up all,
Willing to be used, if needed,
Willing to be taught at all?
Willing not to be exalted,
Choosing rather to be low?
If so, tell me, and I'll cleanse thee
Whiter than the driven snow.

Art thou willing now to trust Me,
Trust Me in the darkest hour,
Trust, when all seems set against
thee?
Ask, and I will give thee power.
With thou trust when strength shall
fail thee?
Trust, when age shall bow thy
frame?
For I've promised never to leave thee,
I am Jesus just the same.

FOR SINNERS ONLY.

Tunes—"Calcutta," B.B. 29; "Hark,
the voice of Jesus calling," B. J.
24, or "Glad you, oh, Thou great
 Jehovah," B.B. 151.

5 Day of judgment! day of wonders!
Hark, the trumpet's awful
sound,

Lower than a thousand thunder,
Shaking the vast creation round!
How the summons will the sinner's
heart confound!

See the Judge, our nature weak,
Clothed in deadly Divine;
Ye who long for His appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
Gracious Saviour, own me in that day
for Thine!

At His call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea,
All the powers of nature, shaken
By His looks, prepare to flee:
Careless sinners, What will then be
come of thee?

Tune—"Roll on, dark stream," B. J.
31, or "Oh Calvary," B.J. 24.

6 The great Angel's tramp that
sounded
While twice ten thousand thunder
roar,
Thar up the graves, and cleave the
ground,
And unloose the greedy sea restore

Chorus.

"Roll on, dark stream," etc.

The greedy sea shall yield her dead,
The earth no more her slain conceal,
Sinners shall lift their guilty head
And shrink to see a yawning hell

But we, who now our Lord adore,
And faithful to the end endure,
Shall stand in Jesus' righteous
Stand, as the Rock of Ages, sure

A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE!

A Hermitland Officer and his Capt-ly
Spent a Fearful Time between life and
Death, but They were Ready to Die!

SCENE I.

Got word from the Ensign to be
at Little Bay on Thursday, so Sergt-
Major and I got a boat from Mr.
Lock and started. The wind was
blowing very hard, but we had a line
tied until we got to Hall's Bay Head.
The wind kept increasing, and by the
time it was blowing a hurricane we
had no balance, so we cut our boat, so we
thought we would go into the Pond
and get some. Before we got there
a squall came off the head and upset
our boat.

SCENE II.

We got on her side. There was a
house not far away, but the people
did not see us. We made a plan
but no one came to our help. By the
time things belonging to the boat
were drifting away. We thought it
was to try and save them, so we got
all we could get and tied them to the
boat. Then we got to work to get
the masts out of the boat. When
they came out the came upright, and
we managed to get into her.

SCENE III.

But sin was full of water. We got
to work and tried to get her to shore,
but we failed to do so. We were wet
and cold that we could not get
back, so we made a plan. We were
saved and not afraid to die. We took
courage and got the car up for a
mast, and I got up a little sail.
Sergt-Major said the waves were
rolling in on one side and out on the
other. After a long time we got to
land, about three miles distant.

SCENE IV.

Then we got our boat in the gulf.
We had to face a hard crew, but we
had to get up or stay there and die.
We started, and I got up all right,
but when the Sergt-Major was about
to get up he looked down, and the boat
got afraid. He was just about to fall
when I saw him down a little way
with one hand and lowered my voice.
The Sergt-Major caught it, and I
pelled him up.

SCENE V.

We had to walk quite a way home
we got to any house. We got to the
light, to our old friend, Sergeant-
Major. They were very kind, but
they could not understand us. We
walked to Little Bay and stayed
there that night. We got back to
Pillay's Island about 9.30 on the
Saturday night, well in our own
very tired.

CAPT. COOPER.